An Exiled New Yorker's Strange Adventures W On the Other Side of the Earth W Author of "THE MAN ON THE BOX," Etc.

rright, 1913, by Bobbs-Marrill Co.) CHAPTER 1.

began somewhere in the middle of the world, between London which is the beginning and New York which is the end, where all things are east of the one and west of the other. To be precise, a fortorn landing on the west bank of the muddy, turient Irrawaddy, remembered by man only so often as it was necessary the fortile boat to call for paddy, a visiting commissioner anxious to get away or a family homeward-bound. Somewhere in the northeast was Mandalay, somewhere in the southeast lay Prome, and further south, Ranm, sister to Singapore, the halfway house of the derelicts of the world.

It was after five in the afternoon. The sun was sinking, hazily but swiftly. Along the road walked two men, phantom-like. Occasionally they stapped aside to permit some bullock-cart to pass. One of them swore, not with any evidence of temper, nor viciously, but in a kind of mechanical protest, which, from long usage, had become a habit. He swore at the dust, at the heat, at the wind, at the sun.

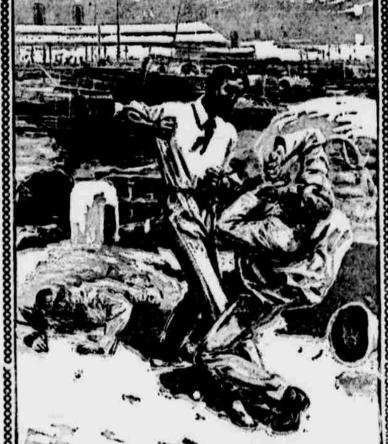
The other wayfarer, with the inherent patience of his blood, said nothing and waited, setting down the heavy kit-bag and the canvas valise (his own). His turban, once white, was brown with dust and sweat. His khaki uniform was rent under the armpits, several buttons were gone; his stockings were rusty black, mottled with patches of brown skin, and the ragged canvas shoes spurted little spirals of dust as he walked.

The British-Indian government had indugently permitted him to proceed about his duties as guide and carrier under the cognomen of James Hooghly, in honor of a father whose worse. In camp he gave Rajah much

East Is East.

der him, the bird and him from whiskey, or had saved him from whiskey.

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"Splendid!" cried Elsa clapping her hands.

"Well, he wasn't above having his revenge. He made the syndicate come up there. They wired asking why he couldn't come on to Rangoon. And very frankly he gave his reasons. They came up on one boat and left on another. They weren't very pleas-

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HE two days between Prome and Rangoon were distinctly memorable for the subtle changes wrought in the man and woman. Those graces of mind and manner which had once been the man's, began to find expression. Physically, his voice became soft and mellow; his hands became full of emphasis; his body grew less and less clumsy, more and more leonine.

At last they reached Rangoon.

"Will you come and dine with me to-night?" she asked, as they left the boat.

"Regist as rain!" Warrington emp-

The some of us, yes. You see, For all you know, I may be the great-whatever he was in the past, it was comething worth while, I fanor, Employee the past of raccal unhanged."

The sound oil, borrowed the savings of his sevenat and bought up some land on the line of the new discoveries. Then he waited for the syndicate to buy.

They ignored him. They didn't seem day one even to E-varigate his taken any one even to E-varigate his cate to buy.

They ignored him. They didn't seem day one even to E-varigate his taken and any one even to E-varigate his taken and any one even to E-varigate his taken and any one even to E-varigate his taken and they diverse him handed.

They ignored him. They didn't seem any one even to E-varigate his taken and they diverse him the hotels, on the streets, are man from his kind. Ten thousand rupees was all time he wanted or hundred thousand. They laughed again.

Then he left for the took forests.

Then he left for the took forests had some his forest had some him of the conversation has taken for the syndicate to hundred housand. They laughed again.

Then he left for the took forests had some him fifty thousand. He laughed had been converted him fifty thousand. He laughed again.

Then he left for the took forests had some him fifty thousand. He laughed had been converted him fifty thousand they day of the secondary of the se